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HARNDEN TAVERN TALES

Alice Hathaway Dillaway



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INTRODUCTION

When early European comers to Massachusetts did not use the names of people or remembered places in England for their settlements, they consulted the Bible, filled as it is with proper names. And so it was that a group of land grants north of the County Road in what was later North Wilmington came to be called "The Land of Nod" and their holders "The Proprietors of Nod".

Following is the story of an Old House which has stood on this land for longer than our nation has stood and the people who lived in it.

Duty and the Doctrine of Uses governed the lives of the principal family to live here, the Browns and their descendants. Though some were to seek fortunes far away, all felt that inner force that calls men back to their homes and this love of home shaped all their lives.

This is a true story. The Source material is a crumbling collection of old letters and documents found in the House, and the many stories told and retold the author by her old-timers.

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CHAPTER I THE LAND OF NOD

"And Cain went out from the presence of the Lord, and dwelt in the Land of Nod on the east side of Eden".

A.V. Gen IV, V.16

Dr. Silas Brown moved to North Wilmington in the summer of 1818. Father of five children, four daughters and a son he had found a new home and a location for his third medical practice. The farm until recently the site of a "publick house" where the County Road (Salem Street) met the Boston Road (Woburn Street) had been sold to him together with two other pieces of property, one in Wilmington, and the other in Tewksbury, the town of his birth. For one hundred and twenty-five years five generations of his family were to live here. Four more children, all sons, were born to the Doctor and his wife in this fortunately chosen new home.

A two town (Wilmington and Tewksbury) medical practice and a mill acquired later (1827) for the eldest son, John Huse Brown, adequately supplemented the livelihood this farm provided.

The place the Browns had come to was not new; already widely known, much interesting Colonial history attached to it. Before any European ever saw all of it, the land had been included in a large grant made to the Sewall family, prominent in Salem, Mass. But no Sewalls ever lived here. Early in the eighteenth centruy it became the property of Samuel Dummer, brother of Lt. Gov. William Dummer, and one of the founders of the new town of Wilmington in 1730. He built a home here beside the County Road running from Salem to Lowell. Both the William and Samuel Dummer families were popular with the country people. Many stories were told about them, especially their parties and the touch of gayety they brought to the country side.

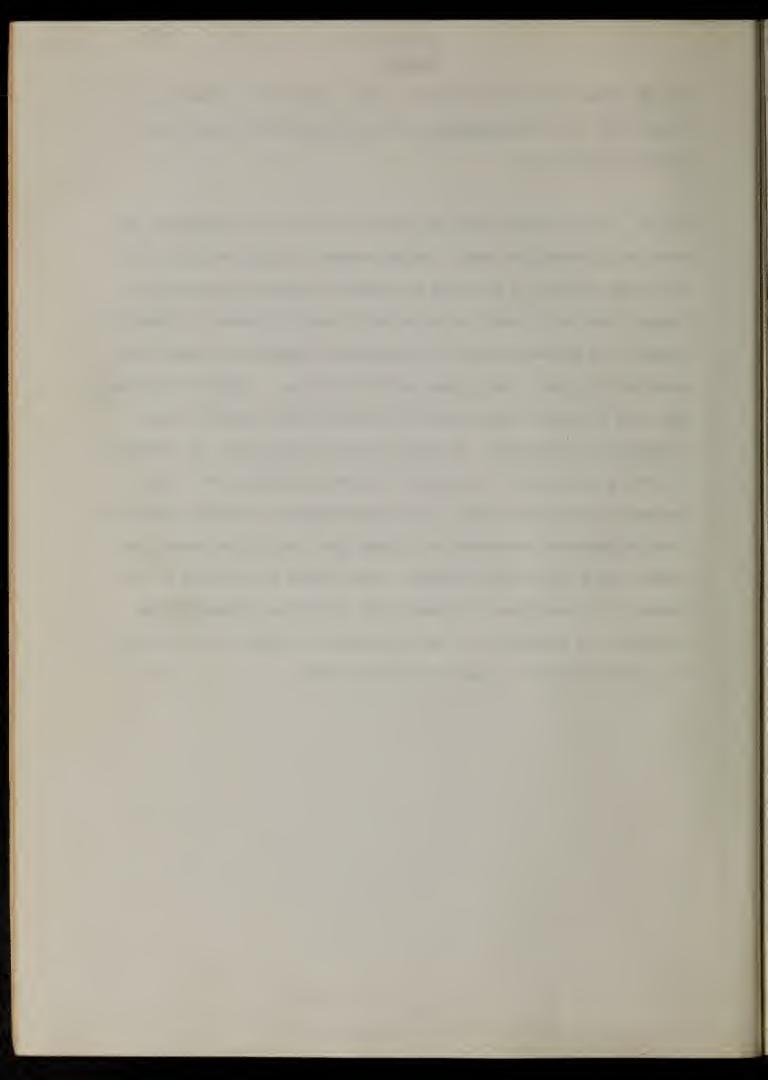


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But the Dummers were not to continue their lives in this community, a tragic fire in the mid-eighteenth century destroyed their home and no survivors rebuilt it.

Lot No. 1 of the Land of Nod, the good land of this farm, remained. It would not go unused for long. Running through the boggy northern part was Martin's Brook; at one point the channel completely encompassed an island, later to be named for the Doctor's favorite daughter - "Abigail's Island". In the wetlands grew blueberries and cranberries; upland hay, wheat and corn were almost always successful crops. Neighbor Abel Jones, who lived a little further north on the Boston Road, purchased this property as an investment. An idea for its use soon came. He determined to erect a house, not on the site of the former dwelling, but at the meeting of the two main roads. By the mid-eighteenth century, traffic on these highways was increasing, so a house that could be used as an inn seemed like a good business venture. Jones framed in his house in the summer of 1770 and chose the latest style of that day, elegant enough to attract the passersby. As far as is known no Joneses ever lived here, but the builder had not long to wait for a buyer.



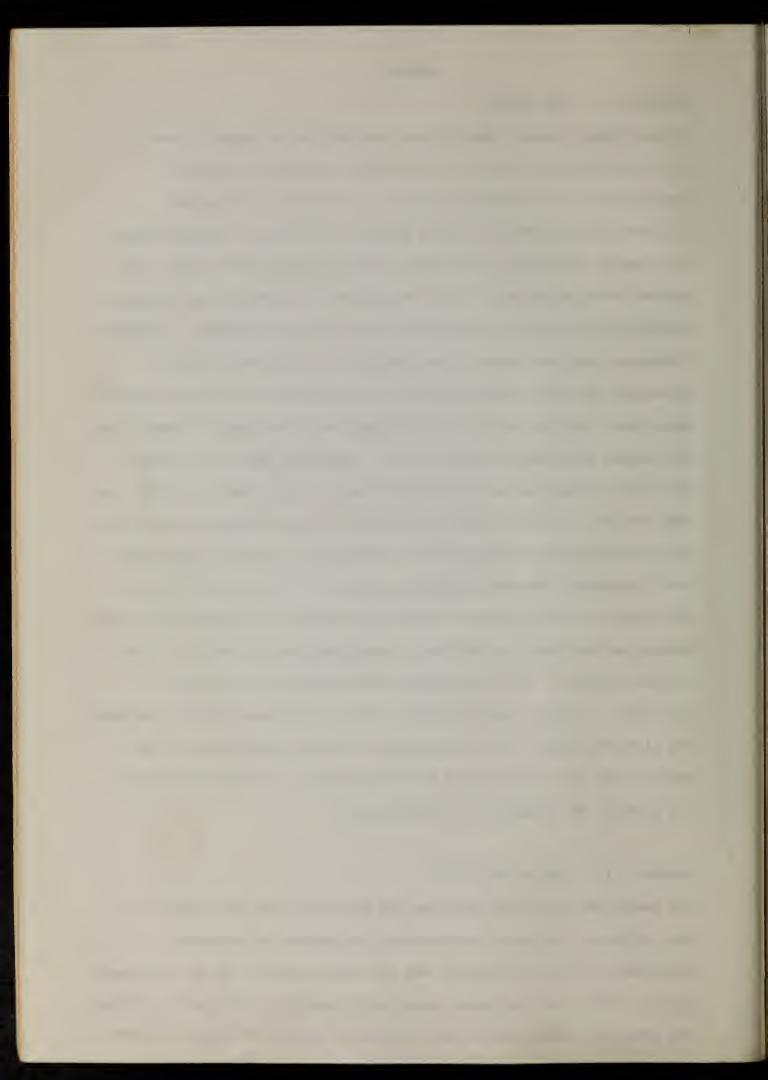
CHAPTER II THE TAVERN

Colonel Joshua Harnden, Revolutionary war veteran and member of one of the first families to settle in these parts realised the business possibilities of this farm and bought it. Everybody of those days followed lives planned for them by parents or relatives. Harnden thought that Joseph, a musician, would make a better innkeeper than farmer. The eastern front parlor next to the "keeping room" was used as the "ordinary" where he dispensed grog, and food was served. An extravagance, a Franklin fireplace front, was added to the fireplace in this room in order to throw heat and light further in the room. Legend has it, that for thirty years after the fire was lit in this fireplace, it was never allowed to go out, winter and summer, night and day. Travelling west on the County Road, the wayfarer was invited into the tavern by the glow, no matter how late the hour. Years of hard work helped to restore businesses and farms that had lanquished during the War of Independence and this establishment also flourished. Harnden hospitality became well known locally in the early days of the new nation. Food and drink were not the only attractions; dancing parties were also held here, Joseph Harnden, of course, was the resident fiddler. But the Harndens did not become rich from this enterprise. In 1812, shortly before he died, Joshua was forced to mortgage the place for \$2,000. When he was gone, survivors moved away, and the property was sold. John Parker was the speculator who acquired and sold the place to Dr. Brown about two years later.

CHAPTER III LIFE IN THE 1820'S

The family who moved into the house "by the side of the two roads" was very different from their predecessors, the Dummers and Harndens.

Descended from Scotch immigrants who had come to America in the seventeenth century (1667), they had never known much prosperity. Only austere living and great toil could make the new land kinder than the Methuen and Kittery,



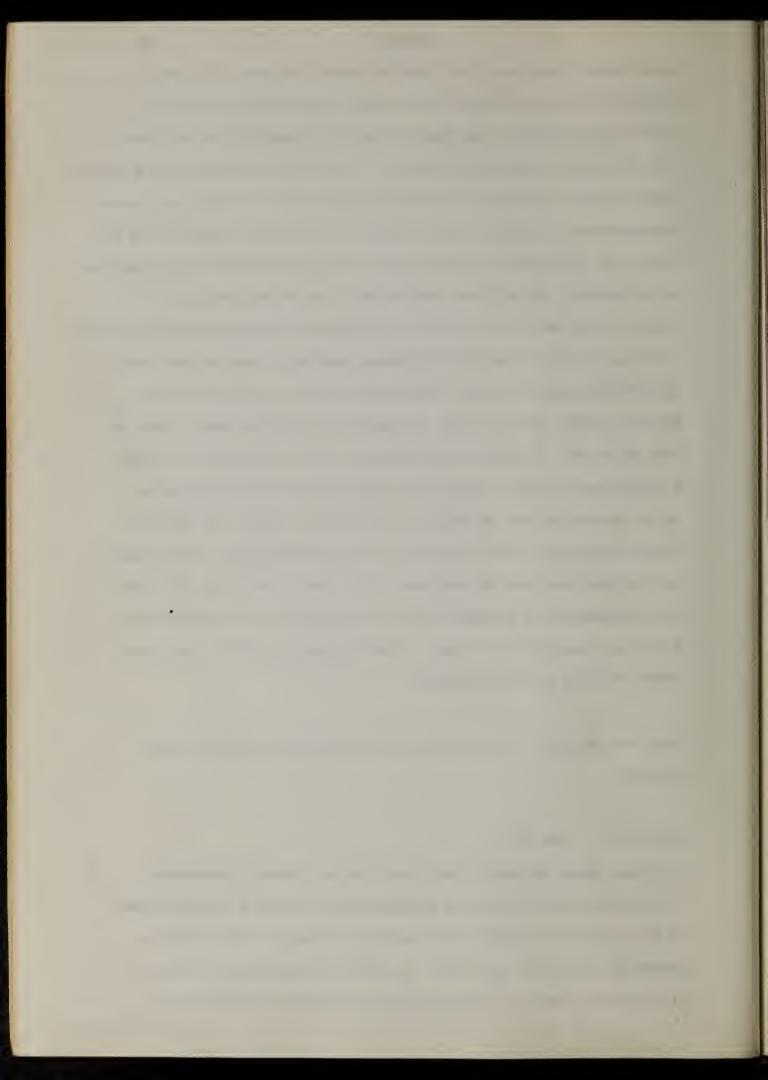
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Massachusetts locations, their previous homes, had been. The Doctor purchased the fastest horse he could find, a necessity if he was to cover all of Wilmington and Tewksbury and even respond to an occasional call from former patients in Methuen. A saddle maker stitched him a special saddle bag with a number of carefully shaped pockets for his instruments and medicines. Arising at four o'clock in the morning, together with his eldest son, he worked at farming until the day's end when he was always met at the barnyard by neighbors sent to fetch him at the conclusion of their own long days in the fields. His evenings were given over to critical cases until growing community confidence gave him a practice that also required some daytime hours. Abigail Huse Brown, his wife, and their daughters, Mary, Abigail, Anna, and Sarah did the house work. Three new sons, Silas Jr., Jonathan and William kept them all busy. But in 1826 a dreadful fever sickened some of the young people of North Wilmington. One of the victims was the Doctor's own daughter, Sally. It left her helpless until her death in February of the following year. The youngest son, William also died the next year. Dr. Brown's skill was of no avail -North Wilmington was saddened by this manifestation of the Will of God. A last son Francis Barton Brown, joined the family in 1827. The total number of their children was nine.

Plans for the adult lives of the seven surviving children were soon underway.

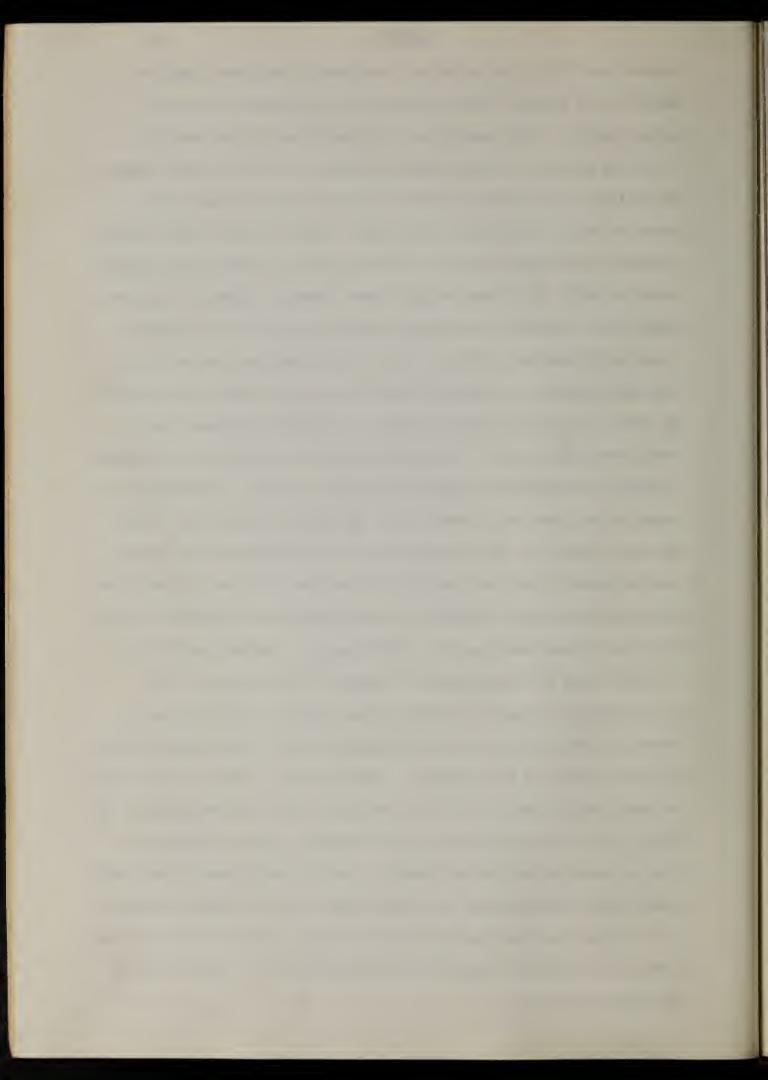
CHAPTER IV NOD MILL

John Huse Brown, the eldest son, named for his maternal grandfather, a Revolutionary war veteran of Methuen, was his Father's best farm hand in the early years of their life in North Wilmington. But he had no particular liking for this work. In 1827 Dr. Brown bought an old saw mill known as "Nod Mill" powered by Martin's Brook located near the



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eastern bound of his own property. John Brown's bride was Charlotte, daughter of a neighbor, Daniel Stimpson. The Stimpsons, too, were a medical family. Three generations of Colonial Doctors had practiced in Reading and what was later East Wilmington. In 1833 Dr. Brown bought the dwelling known as the Mill house for this new Brown family and a parcel of land "nigh Nod Mill" was added. Seven of their eight children survived to be brought up here. They were poor, but happy until tragedy struck in 1852. Their home, the Mill House, burned. Plenty of water was nearby, but it could not be brought up the little hill fast enough to attack the flames successfully. Most of their furniture was saved, but John Brown himself, was severly injured and was never able to work again. Dr. Brown took in this homeless family. Grandmother Stimpson, now a widow, her daughter, Mrs. Charlotte Brown and the children soon determined to leave the Grandparents' home and make their own way. Philadelphia was chosen as the place for a fresh start. In Frankford where they settled, they were invited to join a study group of Swedenborgians whose religion they had recently taken up, and here they escaped the scorn accorded them in their former home. John Brown remained behind as his Father's patient. The Brown children were sent to a Quaker school. Everybody worked hard; all later found work and shaped for themsleves successful new lives. Mary, Charlotte, Abigail, and Maria became teachers, Persis Amelia, a seamstress, Mrs. Brown bound hats consigned to her by the maker, and Daniel and Orrin were later mill wrights. They were all to live out their lives in Pennsylvania except Will who was sent back home to his Grandfather, and Maria, later to be the Mistress of the Old Home. When John Brown was able to travel he rejoined his family. But the transplanted Browns could never forget their old home, and often longed to see it again, especially in the spring time when Martin's Brook was wont to pour over the mill dam, blood-red with melting cranberries released from their winter prison in the frozen bogs of Nod.



CHAPTER V MARY AND ABIGAIL BROWN

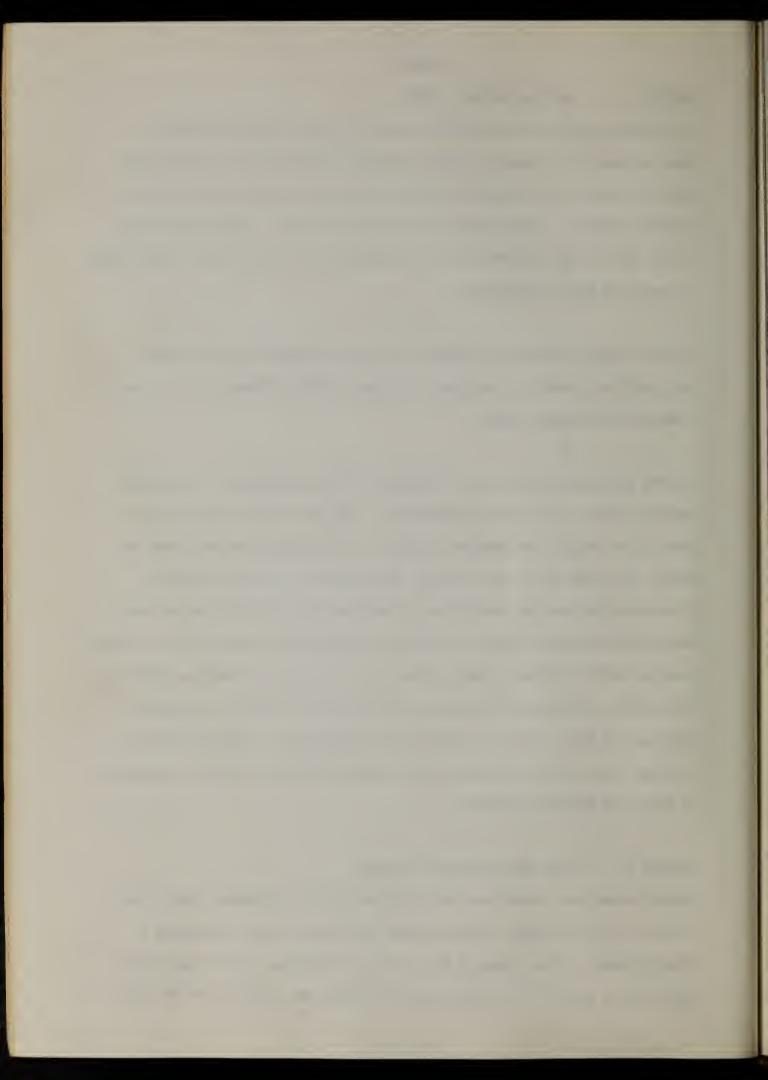
Dr. Brown's daughters did well in school, so their parents planned to educate them to be teachers, almost the only alternative to marriage for women of their day. Bradford Academy was the school where they went as boarding pupils. Home sickness troubled both girls. Abigail said later of her days at the Academy that she had been glad "even to see a dog if only it came from North Wilmington."

Letters between Bradford and their home were exchanged but not by the mail service. They were held until somebody riding through to the other community could carry them.

In 1831 a marriage was arranged for Mary, the eldest daughter, and Sidney Spalding, the son of a family connection. The pair made their home in Lowell, but their life together was brief. Two years later Mary and two infant sons were dead. Dr. and Mrs. Brown advised of their daughter's illness and waiting for word of her, heard an eastbound carriage on the County Road and knew before its arrival, that the news would be bad. Abigail, when her school days were done, worked for her parents as hard as any two hired girls, but rebuffing suitors and her parents' efforts to arrange a marriage for her. She was a musician and occasionally turned her hand to writing. Some of her literary efforts were published in smaller newspapers of Essex and Middlesex Counties.

CHAPTER VI ANNA BROWN AND HIRAM COLBURN

"Nancy" Brown was courted and won by Hiram Colburn of Woburn. But it was not love at first sight. Hiram visited the Browns often, and became a family friend. Silas Brown, M.D. in spite of his long days of hard work, made time to do a lot of reading and encouraged his family to do so also.



Inevitably they became "free thinkers" deeply dissatisfied with much of the accepted religious ideas of their time. Harsh doctrines put forth by the Wilmington clergy affronted them, and they eagerly accepted the books that Hiram introduced them to. Silas Jr., an eccentric young music student, read much of them thoroughly. Many an earnest discussion about these exciting new doctrines took place by the light of the keeping room fireplaces during Hiram's many visits. At first Nancy was a little frightened by Hiram's advances and inclined to agree with certain critical Wilmington neighbors who labeled him "queer". But Colburn was persistent, eventually the Browns became "receivers" of the doctrines of Emanual Swedenborg, and in 1838, in the green room, the best parlor of their home. Nancy Brown became Mrs. Colburn. Hiram, a retail shoe merchant, took his bride to live in fashionable South Boston. On Sundays they customarily walked from the South End up Beacon Hill to attend services in the Boston New Church. Their favorite visiting place was North Wilmington, of course.

CHAPTER VII SILAS BROWN JR. AND FRANCIS BARTON BROWN

Silas Brown Jr. was the first Brown to be born in North Wilmington in

October 1818 two months after the family moved there. From early

childhood he showed considerable musical talent. His parents searched

for a music teacher for him, for they didn't think he would make a good

farmer. Joseph Harnden, former Tavern Keeper, was asked to start the musical

education of this gifted but difficult young man. He practiced long

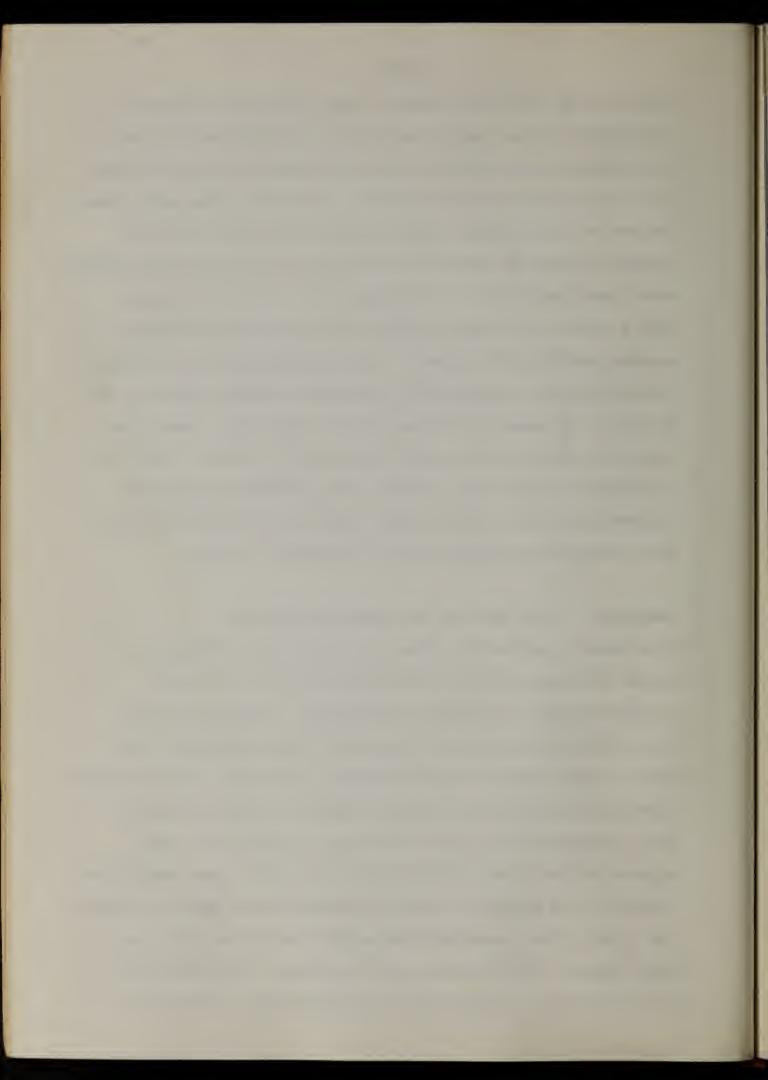
hours, caring deeply for almost nothing else. By the middle of the

eighteen thirties he was sufficiently advanced to need a more accomplished

teacher. It was through his absorbing interest in music that he met George

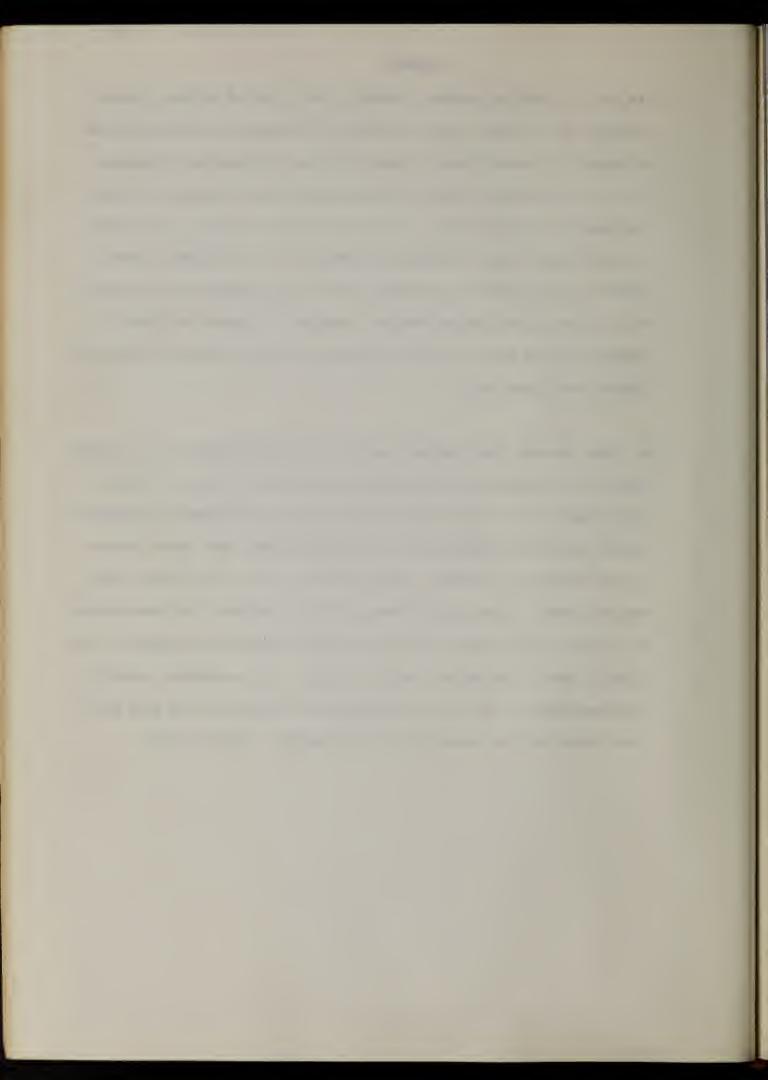
Root, also a gifted country boy from Berkshire County, and later a well
known composer. Their friendship was long lasting. By the time he was

grown, Silas played the organ, piano, fife and fiddle. A niece said of



him that his playing compared favorably with that of the most famous virtuosos of her day. When the Bunker Hill monument in Charlestown was dedicated, Silas was chosen to head the group representing Wilmington. But in the nineteenth century few musicians, however gifted, could earn livelihoods from music alone. Silas was obliged to work at other tasks. In 1841 he was issued a teaching certificate by the Wilmington School Committee, but there is no record of his ever accepting an appointment. The decision of his younger brother, Jonathan, to become his Father's assistant forced Silas to work the farm most of his daylight hours until Francis could help out.

Dr. Brown decided that the farm should be divided between them. In 1849 half of the farm and half of the house was deeded to Silas. A little later Francis took title to the other half. This arrangement, intended to prevent quarreling between these two very different men, seems instead to have caused some trouble. Francis and his wife, Ellen Chase, moved away to Boston. Like all the Browns, Francis suffered from homesickness. In a letter to his Mother, he tells her how he missed the singing of her spinning wheel at night and longed to return. But wanderlust conquered his homesickness. He next found employment in New York, and some years later moved with his second wife to Los Angeles, where he died.

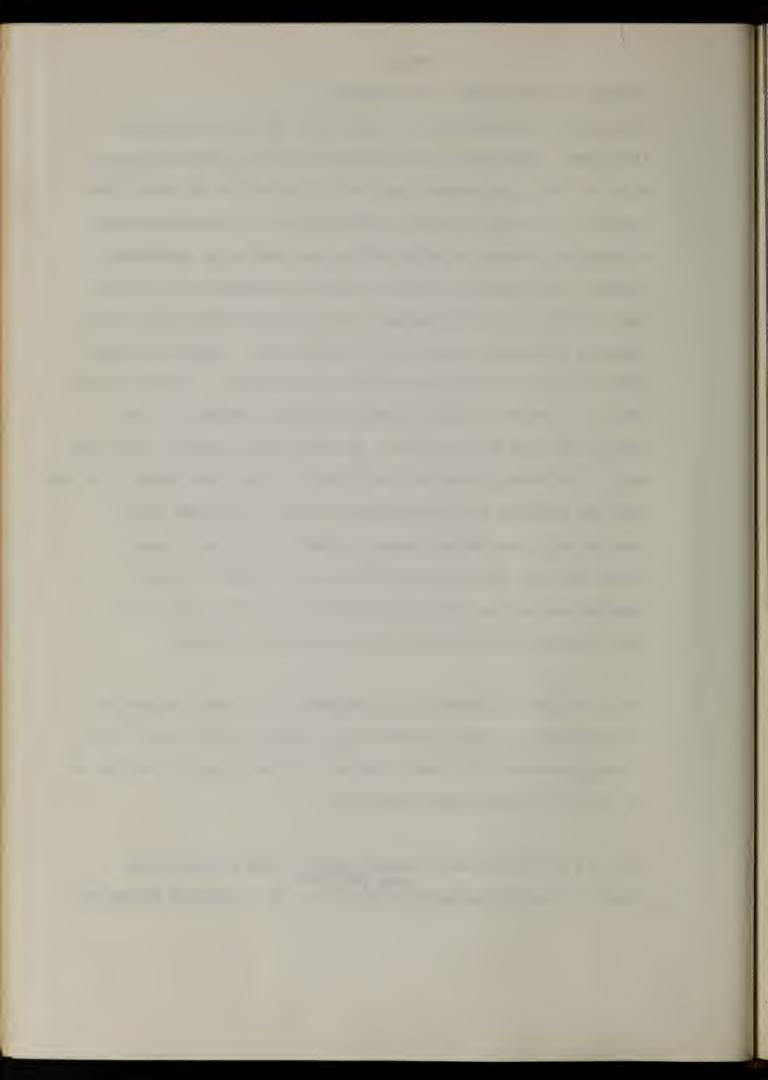


CHAPTER VIII THE COMING OF THE RAILROADS

In the 1830's Railroads came to Wilmington. Two lines crossed the little town. Afew years later plans were made for a third line from Salem to Lowell; the proposed route was to run through the Brown farm. Rumors of a land boom flew about; speculators tried to buy up parcels of property. Advance surveying parties were seen in the surrounding wetlands. One opportunist agreed to buy some acreage from Dr. Brown. When he failed to meet his payments , the land was deeded to two others buying in partnership. Buyer No. 1 promptly sued. A bundle of papers about this matter is still in existence, but they don't indicate how the matter was resolved. Nobody in North Wilmington realized any great profits from land deals, however. But life in this community, as in the rest of the growing nation was never again as it had been before. The rural quiet was shattered by the locomotives' howling. Dr. Brown leased a right of way to the Railway Company through his farm, and a small station was built where the Boston Road met the tracks. "Brown's Crossing" was the name later given this station when the Boston and Maine station on Middlesex Avenue was named North Wilmington.

Soon after that the Browns could go anywhere they wished inexpensively and comfortably on steam cars direct from their own back pasture ! Even a woman unescorted could safely ride the rails and Silas Jr. could go to the city for advanced music instruction.

Here is a stanza from one of Abigail Brown's poems written on the and fiftieth occasion of the one hundredth, anniversary of the founding of Wilmington;



"I see them come in quaint array

The Sages long since past away:

What terror strikes them to the heart

They look around, I see them Start!

A screech they never heard before,

Adreadful sound, they hear no more:
Ah, swift they speed them out of sight,

They fear the Locomotives might."

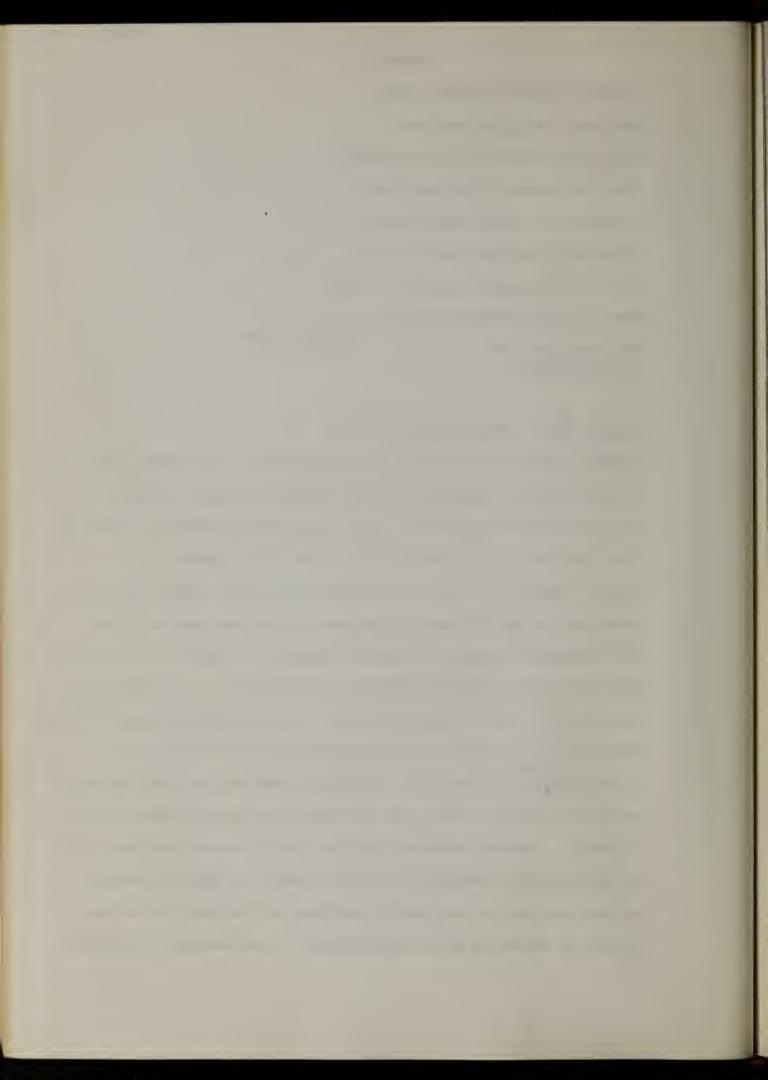
Abigail Brown

September 6th, 1880

North Wilmington

CHAPTER IX Dr. JONATHAN BROWN 1821-1867

Jonathan, the Brown's third son, was named for his Grandfather, Col. Jonathan Brown of Washington's Army, a prominent Tewksbury citizen, who had espoused the Patriots' Cause in the previous century in spite of the firm loyalty of his two brothers to the British crown. His mother, Abigail Webster Huse, also came from a family with callings to medicine. Her grandfather, Stephen Huse, of Methuen, was the doctor who accompanied Burgoyne's defeated soldiers in the fall of 1777, when they were marched across Massachusetts to Cambridge. As a growing boy he admired his Father and longed to ride with him when he visited the sick. When he was old enough, the doctor permitted him to do this and to study under as an apprentice. In Colonial times this had been the only method of training doctors. But now there stood Harvard Medical School in Boston. Jonathan graduated from this institution and practised first in the new city of Lawrence; sfter a year there, he went to Tewksbury to take over part of his Father's practise, now too large for one man. In 1854 he became the first superintendent of the Tewksbury Alms House,



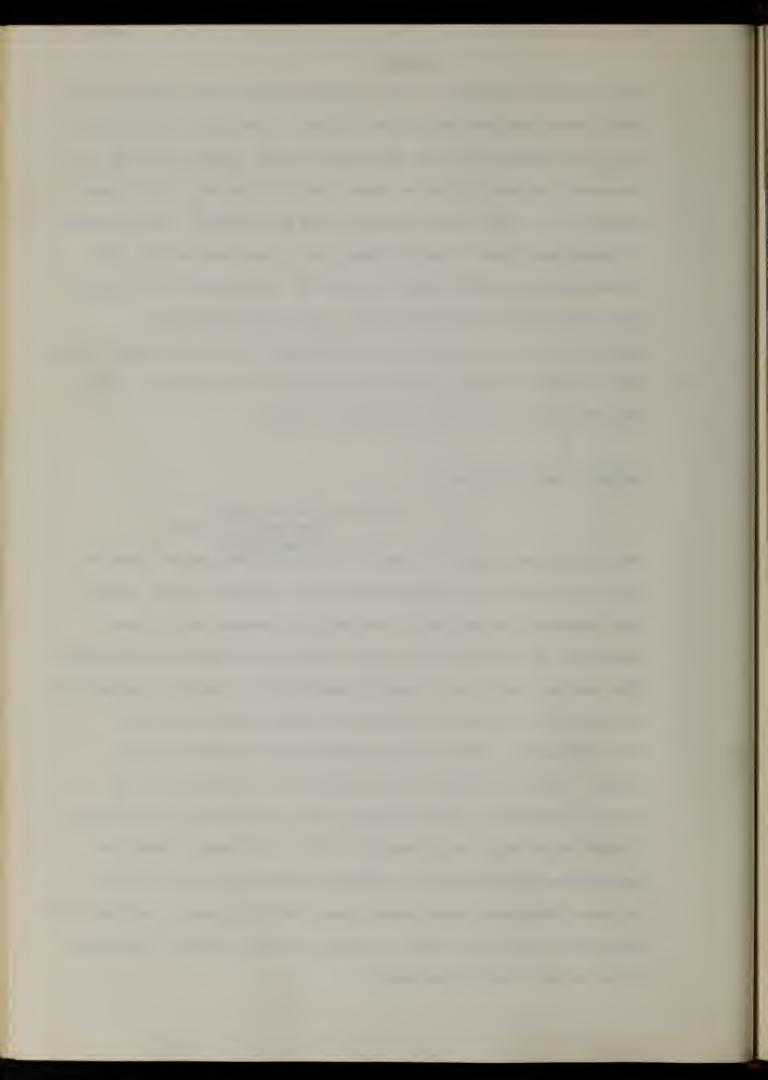
she moved to Vancouver, B.C., and did not return.

later the State Infirmary. He was married to Olive Carter, daughter of Eldad Carter, prominent Wilmington citizen. At the outset of the Civil War, Dr. Jonathen answered the Union Army call for surgeons, and was put in charge of a group of doctors under General MacLellan. After a year's service in the South he was sent home, sick with malaris. Upon returning to Massachusetts these attacks stopped, but it was soon evident that he had picked up another illness in the Army., tuberculosis. He battled this unsuccessfully, and died in 1867. His widow remained in Massachusetts for about ten years taking care of her ailing younger sister, Mrs. Lydia Hathaway of Boston, and after her death, her two children. Later

CHAPTER X THE CONVERSION

'Mercy is Love Grieving'
Arc.Cael., VI, N.559
E. Swedenborg

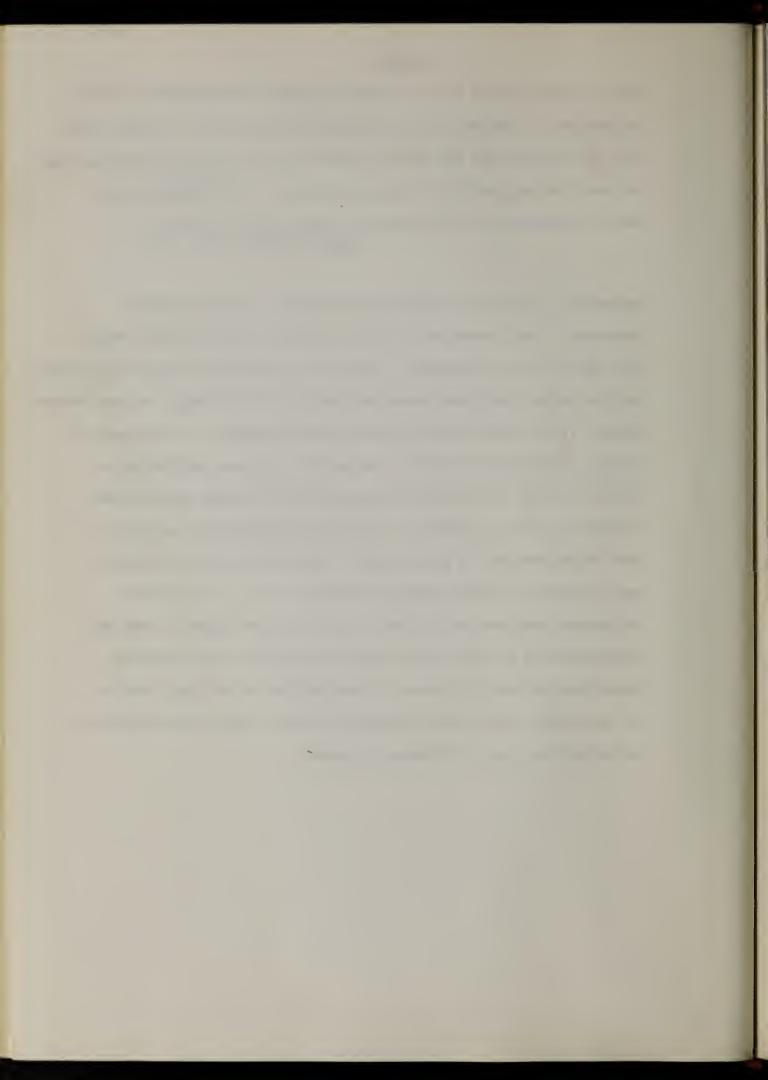
The old-fashioned rigidly orthodox citizens of Wilmington were shocked when they learned of the Brown family's new religious beliefs. Few of these neighbors had the time or inclination to examine the Writings themselves, but they felt duty bound to object and attempt a reconversion. Afew even went so far as to suggest excommunication from the Congregational Church which the Browns had attended ever since their arrival in North Wilmington. Swedenborgian believers can be divided into two groups: the first hold that these teachings are intended to be the basis of a Christian reform movement for all Christianity: the second, offended by the scorn and ostracism of fellow Christians, formed the Swedenborgian organizations in England (1783) and the U.S.A. (1817). The North Wilmington Browns leaning toward the first group, continued their membership in the local church, although this dual religious affiliation irritated many other Parish members.



The story was told of one good North Wilmington householder who forbade his daughter to return to her employment as hired girl in the Brown home when she told him how she had read some lines from one of the Writings when the book she was handling accidently fell open. The heresay she was said to have seen was: "The Lord never sends anyone to Hell---"

Heaven and Hell LVII, 545

Swedenborg, the famous scientist and theologian, opposed slavery vigorously. Many Americans of those days held strong political ideas that these views strengthened. The Browns considered becoming Abolitionists, but the latter group never developed into a political party, so they remained Whigs. Their contact with the anti-slavery exponents of Boston was, of course, through Hiram Colburn. One day Dr. Brown was approached to see if his home could be used to harbor fugitive slaves being helped on their way north to Canada. Assenting to this request could have laid the Browns open to great danger. Furthermore, they had never so much as thought of doing anything contrary to law. Dr. Brown was the unquestioned head of his family, but he did not agree to host the fugitives until he first made certain all members of the household wanted this and would cooperate. Passages from the writings such as the ones above quoted helped persuade them that it was a moral course of action and they gave an affirmative answer.



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CHAPTER XI THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY STATION

The Old House was located at a convenient stopping place for travelers out of Boston.needing to reach the Canadian border in a hurry. A straight line drawn from the city to the White Hills of New Hanpshire passes right through the Brown farm. No interference from the neighbors was expected for the town was vehemently anti-slavery.

The Doctor and his family did not expect trouble when they consented to help these Abolitionists, but some did develop. Most of the black visitors were tired and nervous when they arrived, usually after dark and for only one day's stopover. One especially nervous fellow demanded to be hidden as soon as he arrived. He was taken to the "secret room" in the center of the house and the door slid into place. An hour later when Abigail took him something to eat, he was no where to be seen. The entire house from attic to cellar was thoroughly searched, but no sign of him was ever found. It was thought that he had somehow escaped and headed north possibly into the treacherous swamp near the Island.

Another fugitive escaped before the scheduled arrival of his next conveyance; and the Browns were mystified as to how he did it, for the white snow all about the house bore no human footprints at all. However, Silas Jr., when he dared tell of it later, confessed to helping him out of the attic by way of the skylight onto the main roof and thence to the roof of the northern ell; from there he slid (not walked) down the west bank of the land onto the Andover Road where he could plant his feet in tracks already made. Whether or not he made his next connection north was never learned by the Browns.

The Underground Railway was not a large operation, but it was well planned. Many piles of papers were found in the attic of the Old House,



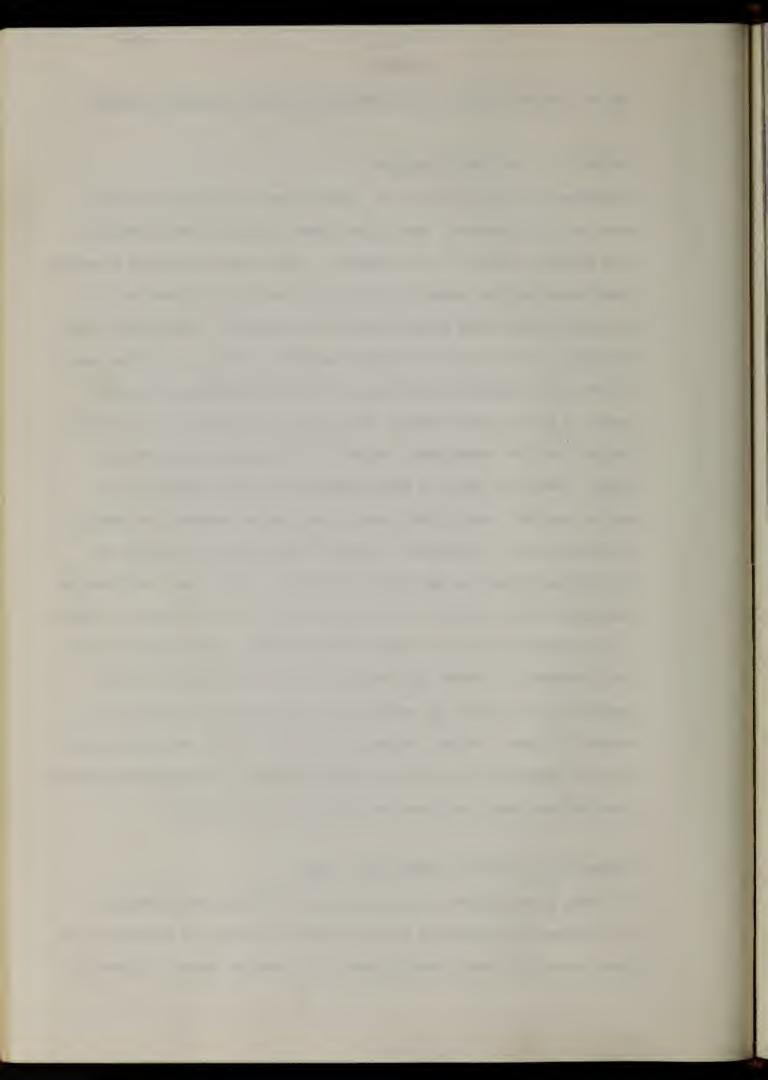
but not one word about this undertaking was ever entrusted to paper.

CHAPTER XII THE CHURCH MAULING

Confidence in and respect for Dr. Brown in the two communities grew in spite of his heterodoxy. Many stories were told about the physician's deep personal interest in his patients. One of these concerned a certain young woman who was suspected of what could only be referred to in a nineteenth century New England town as "misconduct". Gossip about her persisted, until one of the Deacons decided to stop it. A little known custom of the Congregational Church of those times "Church Mauling" seemed to him the right remedy. This was to be an open meeting, where the girl would be questioned, scolded and thoroughly raked over the coals. The Doctor knew, as did everybody else, that regardless of whether any facts were established or conclusions reached, the woman's reputation would be destroyed. Without a good name, no marriage or domestic employment for her would be possible. But, since the date for mauling had been definitely set and the Deacon was a hard man, not likely to be steered away from a course once undertaken, only a drastic move could prevent it. Brown then announced that, if the mauling was not immediately called off, he would start recounting for any and all who wanted to listen the many secrets he had picked up in the course of his years as physician to most of the Church members. The mauling was quickly cancelled and never again was one proposed in that Church.

CHAPTER XIII THE LATER YEARS OF DR. BROWN

Dr. Brown never retired. He became deeply beloved by the community and deserved his reputation for conscientious handling of his cases. His large brown pills were credited with great curative powers. In his old



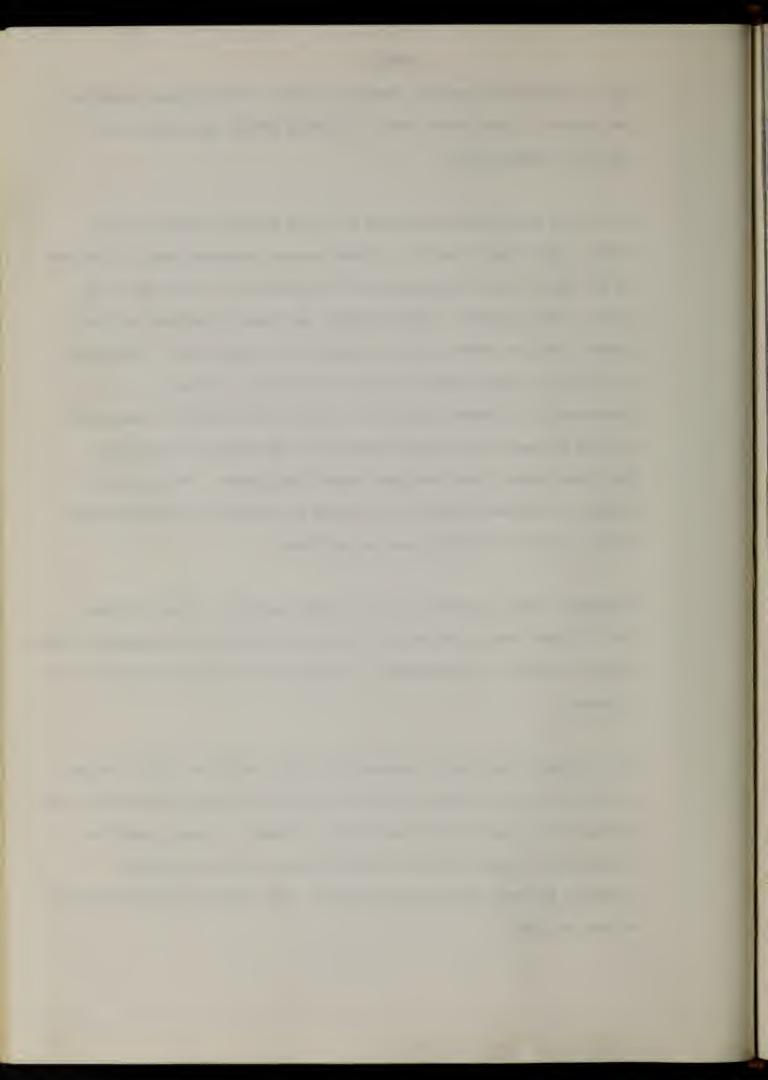
age he divulged the special formula for them. The principal ingredient was Abigail's stale brown bread, vigorously mashed and beaten in his well worn wooden mortar.

All of the Brown children married and found suitable niches in life except Abigail and Silas Jr. . Abigail made an extended visit to the home of her uncle, Rev. Nathaniel Huse, of Westfield, N.Y. sometime in the 1850's. Here she made herself useful, and found a teaching position nearby. But her Mother wrote and asked her to return home. Daughters of those days never refused requests of this type. Silas Jr., unsuccessful in finding a wife in his home town, asked this same uncle to send him one from Chatauqua County, but the Reverend failed him.

Mrs. Brown passed away some years before her husband. She was sorely missed, as a doctor's wife of those times was always the nurse when the doctor took care of grave cases in his home.

Thanksgiving Day in 1860 saw all the family gathered in the Old Home for the feast except the distant dwellers of Frankford, Philadelphia, Penna. Abbie W. Colburn, a granddaughter, has left an interesting account of the occasion.

The old Doctor was given a nickname by certain neighbors, "the iron man up Nod way". And, indeed, he must have been very strong. He arose in the morning first, and prepared the breakfast himself. Almost always the repast was the same, tea and "bannocks" made not as his Scottish ancestors had made them with oats and rye, but with corn grown and ground on his own farm.



North Wilmington, Nov. 5, 1864

HARNDEN

When Civil War broke out, Dr. Brown was deeply disturbed. He thought over his long life from the start of his career as an apprentice to Dr. Kittredge of Andover, to the pre-war period. Often he asked himself whether he had, after all, done right to let his home be used as a hostelry for the runaways. Now a bitter war was raging and his son and other young Wilmington men were part of it. He dearly wished to live to see the War's end. But in 1864 he wrote to his eldest son, John, asking him to return home, as he felt he was soon to be called to the higher life.

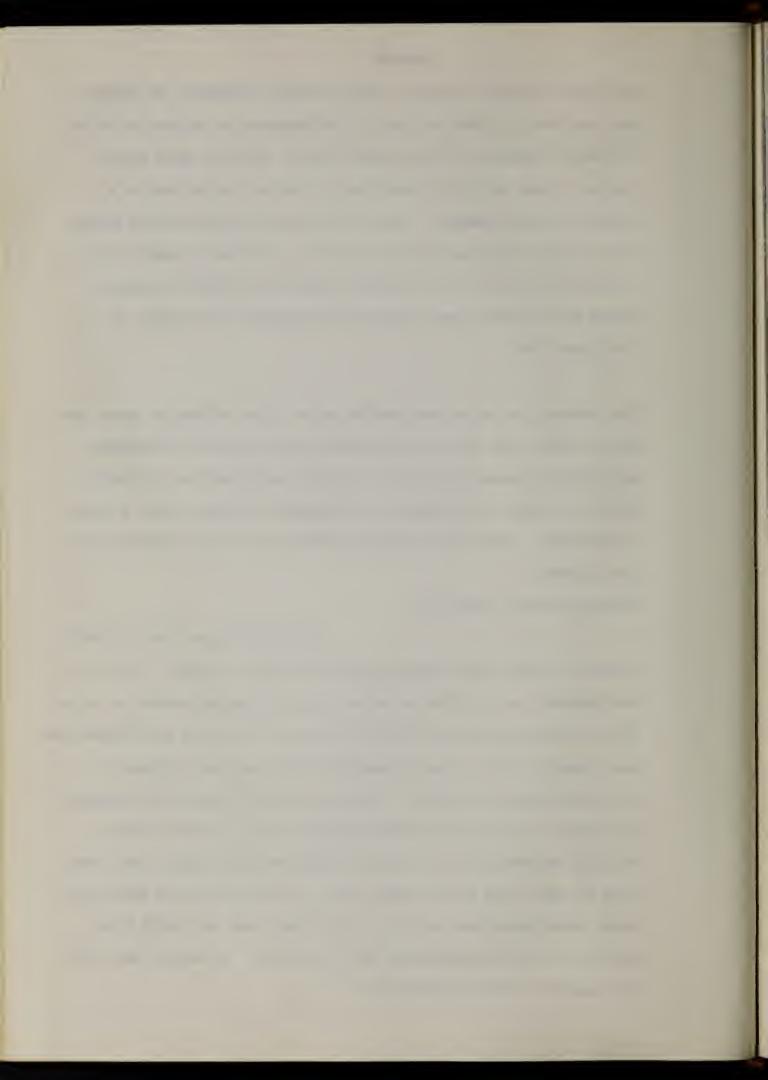
The services for the Dr. were well attended. The village had never seen such a traffic jam; most of the carriages and carryalls of Wilmington and Tewksbury brought the Doctor's patients and friends up to the Old Home to pay their last respects. His daughter, Abigail, wrote a letter to a"friend", never to be mailed, describing her Father's life and his last illness.

Included below is part of it:

day between 2 and 3 o'clock he walked out to the garden behind our large barn; he looked almost spent when he came in, but he said how pleasant the spot looked to him. It was pleasanter to him than Boston Common or any other place in the world. After he could not rise in bed he seemed most happy. He said he had never enjoyed so much as he did there in his most prosperous days. He said I have more than belongs to me, more

-"the last day he wrote anything was the 18th day of August. On that

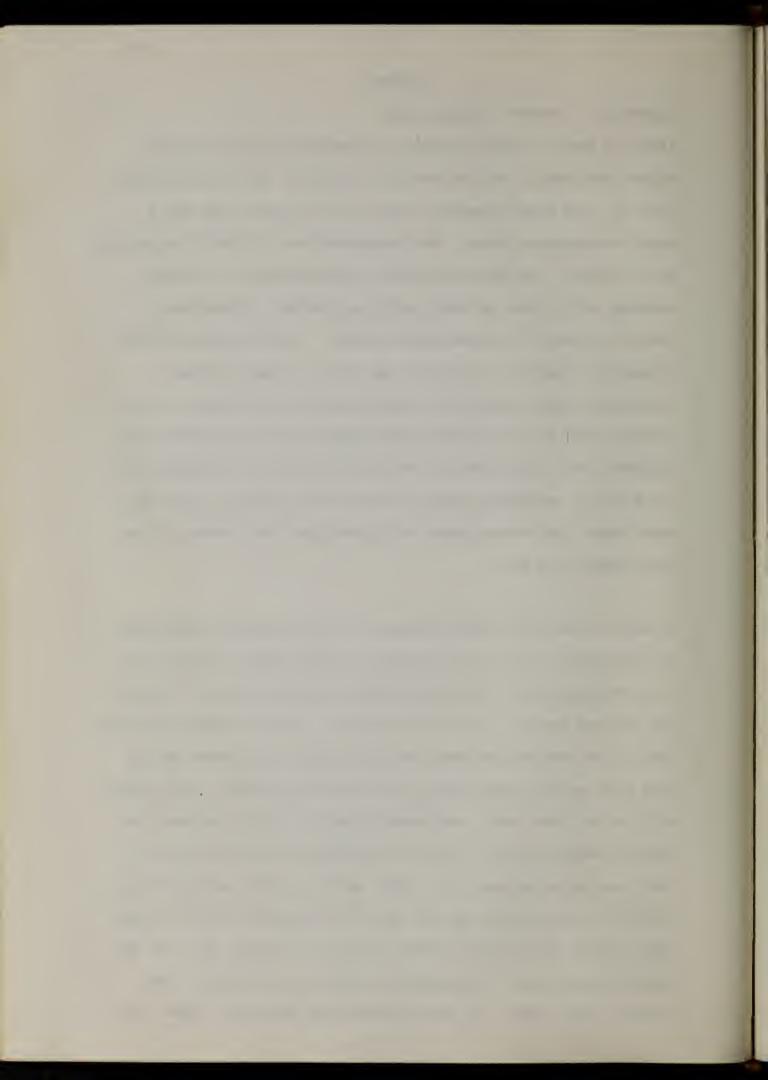
than my right, more than I ought to have. Our big old house seems very empty since he has gone out of it. He lived a long and useful life getting but little compensation for his services. He said he had loved his neighbors better than himself."



CHAPTER XIV BROWN'S BOARDING HOUSE

After the Doctor's death, his heirs, in accordance with his wishes signed over Francis' half of the farm to Abigail. She and her brother, Silas Jr., now found themselves alone in the big house with only a small and uncertain income. They experienced much difficulty in getting along together. But they managed this incompatibility by sticking strictly, each to his own half, until they decided to share their home with others to increase their earnings. The new eastern ell was extensively remodeled, and soon it was rented. Summer boarders especially enjoyed themselves. Many returned year after year. In the evenings Silas provided musical entertainment for his own guests, the neighbors, and their boarders. One year they took in a clergyman and his family as non-paying guests to help the local church. When some years later, the boarding house was discontinued, the eastern ell was again rented as a unit.

In spite of much hard work, Silas was not very successful financially, A letter written by him to his brother in Philadelphia in 1864 serves as a revealing report of the hard work he performed trying to run both the farm and the mill. Part of it follows: "We have planted the piece back of the barn with potatoes and garden seeds. The pasture by the Gray house we have planted with corn, beans and potatoes, a small piece of it on the North side, with winter wheat, the wheat looks well in spots, a small piece of it next to the road was killed with the ice. The crows pulled up some of the corn. We had a pretty hard frost the eleventh of June, it bit the corn some. The cranberry vines were very badly bitten, one frost will often destroy the cranberry crop for two years in succession. The buckshorn crowsfoot and waterbushes were injured by the frost, but the mosquitoes were preserved. There bids

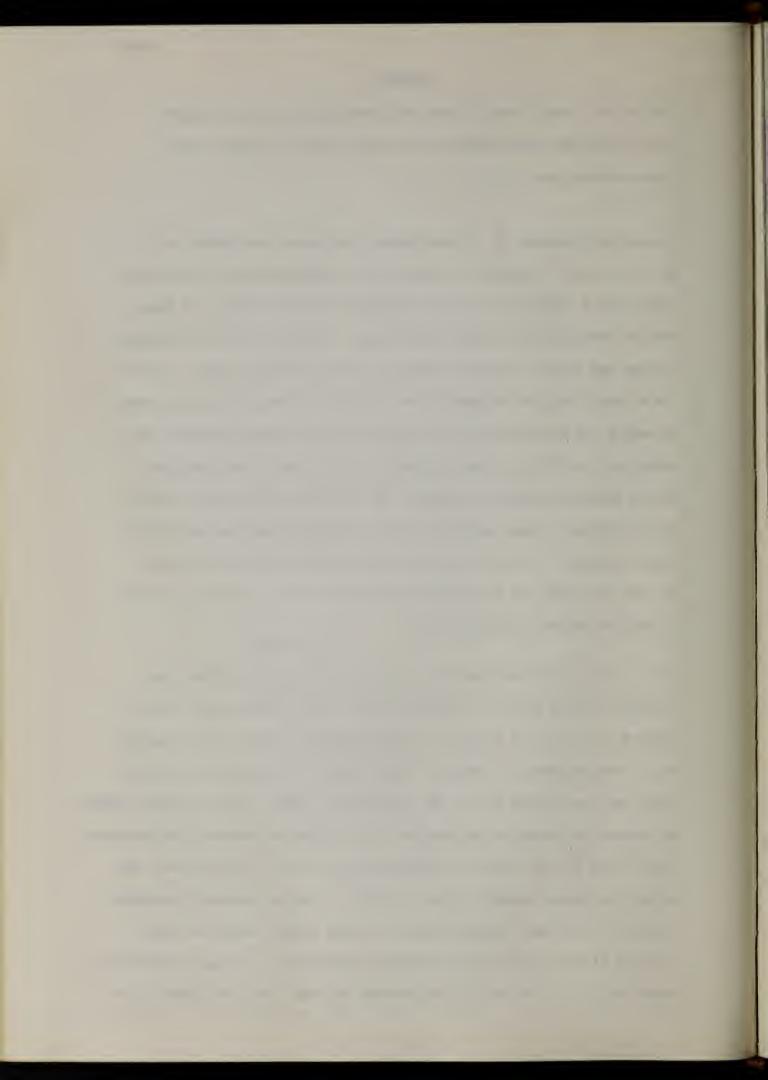


fair to be a great crop of taxes and subscription to get soldiers for our Holy War (War Between the States), pay the parson, build a new meeting house etc. _ _ _ _

I sawed 103 thousand ft. of inch boards for Dennis Batchelder and Ch. Holt's son. I suppose I sawed about a hundred thousand for other folks, and I sawed about twenty thousand of flannel boards. I shall have to repair the mill some this season. I mean to put in a new spout for the tub wheel, a kind of flume spout from the East flume. I must fix up the floor and timbers in the south end of the mill, and I mean to make a new saw frame and put in two boards. I made a box for the crank pit last Fall, it was not keyed in tight enough and came out when I was about half done sawing. The mill went faster than I ever saw it before. I have seen it go 180 or 190 and sometimes up to 228 times a minute. I mean to put the box in again this Fall if it can be: but the plank are all worn and broken out of the crankpit so thar it will be rather a bad job to do."

(s) S. Brown Jr.

After the War, Nod Mill was idle. But the rail road had made great changes in every aspect of American life. Farm produce could now be carried to the cities by rail, so Silas availed himself of this modern way. Each September, before the first frost, the cranberries were all raked and then tedded out on the attic floor. When ready, they were packed in barrels and taken to the station. Very often the Boston middlemen would cheat Silas and his sister by misgrading their fine large berries, and paying the lowest possible price for them. Boston business flourished after the Civil War. Opportunities for good workers were plentiful. But this sibling couple never considered moving away. Silas attended the Peace Jubilee, in Boston that celebrated the War's end, but there is no



record of his ever visiting the City again. His friendship with George Root, his boyhood friend, was never marred by jealousy or bitterness when Root was chosen to direct music in two Boston churches, and earned fame as a composer of hymns and patriotic songs.

The Browns were fortunate when they needed hired hands. Perhaps it was due to the fine rum that was always served at haying and harvest time. At least two workers were said to have toppled to their deaths from the loaded hay wagon, being also loaded themselves. When the ell was rented as a unit, the first tenants were sister Nancy Colburn and her husband. And, in 1890, Francis E. Hathaway, husbands of one of their nieces, Maria, signed a three year lease for the "tenement".

The lease was not renewed. Rather, in 1893 Silas sold his half of the property to this tenant. Nod Mill was also transferred to him. Shortly afterward the Hathaways left their home in Boston's Back Bay to make the Old Farm their permanent residence. Silas retained the old north ell as living quarters for himself.

By this time the people of Wilmington had learned to be more tolerant of new religious views, and they regarded Silas as an amusing eccentric.

Perhaps he was the one in mind when some rural Wilmington wit told the first "Swedenbuggy" joke.

He wrote an interesting description of Nod Mill which I am including here.

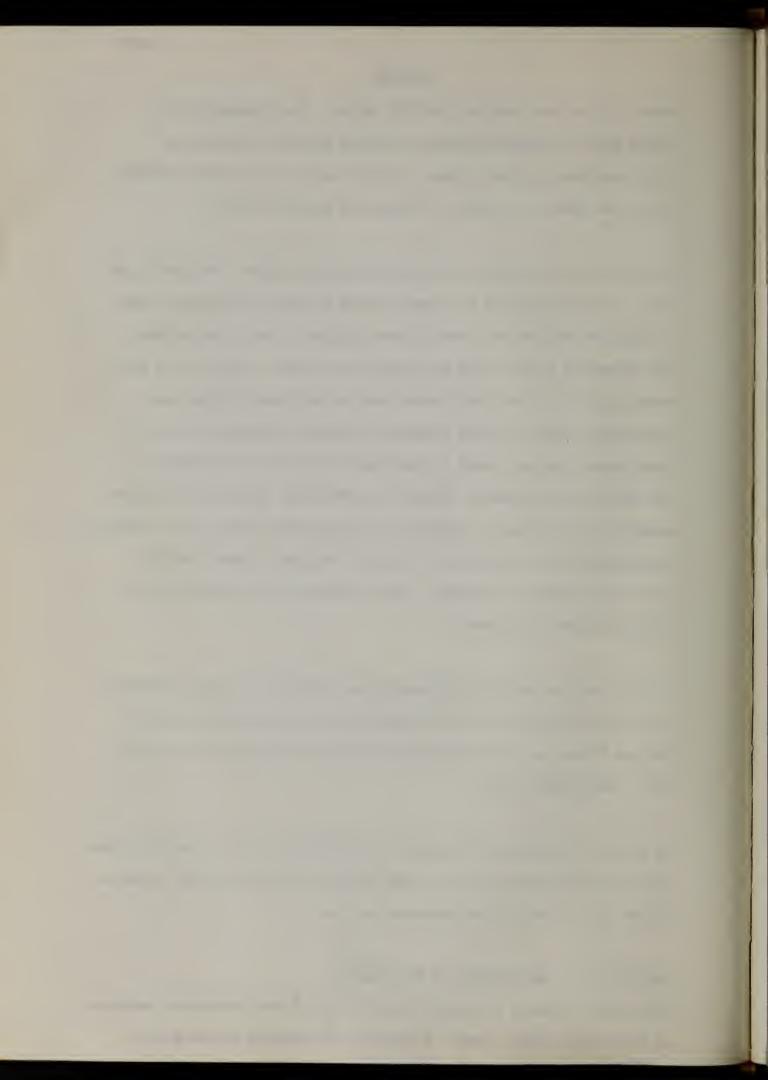
Diagrams that he drew helped to make the mill operation clear. About a

decade later, the Mill was destroyed by fire.

HILL

CHAPTER XV THE MISTRESS OF RIDGE WILL

Mr. and Mrs. Francis E. Hathaway had not always been prosperous residents of Boston's Back Bay. Both had been born to families who were poor.



Wilmington Mass. Dec.9th 1 85. Mr. M. J. Richardson, My mill is an "up and down" sawmill, one saw - a wither and spring will. The stream is small and hand very large-time of sawing from 2 to 4 months, very seidone 5 mo: The other 3 or 4 sournells in this town Mayed out-don't pay. By little Blinch but it stem mill has not bechused for Kor20 years. I should think that advertise resthought Dused up a dozen webs of " reka botting cloth" and a ten of patent mill pecks in a year by the way & receive advertise ments. The Tailblock in my mill is moreabic. Phut a huce of iren in the state enary hart of The block in front of the saw, and wild iron. on The under side of the dogs so that They cannot set seas to touch the saw-Thus. The is on al A affect an inch sonare Last winter y fixed the find. ing poic become the mill place instead of overhead This is stronger and betterthing The cast irin frames. I have a wak degenthe A Tread the carriage with = the copsecution my ger



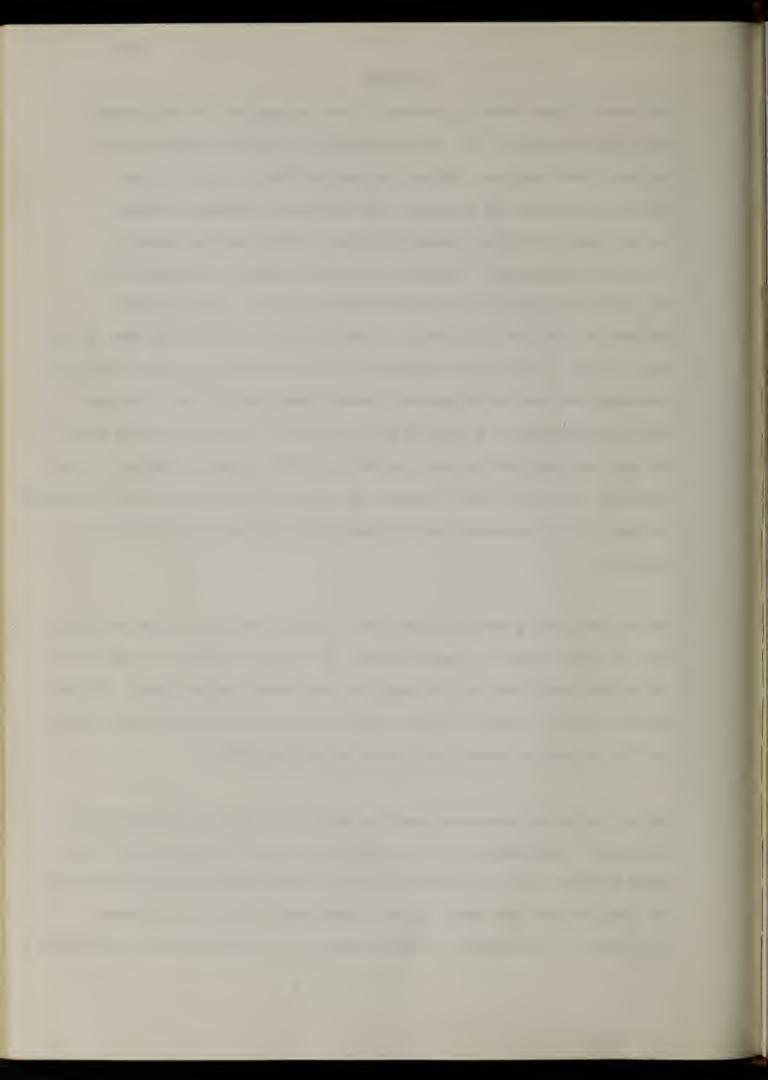
- Wout 30 years age it rodded my miligation oach so that they would hoist easier thus Tub and Niggergate About half a dozen years after that, of saw in the Reientific American" the same thing patented by some one, strictly three passage at mode at tub where of word with iron vuckets which works well.



The story of Maria Brown's girlhood in North Wilmington's Nod Mill house has already been told. The man who became her husband was born in 1829 in Enfield now long gone. Enfield had been settled by a party of Old Colonists including his ancestors, John Hathaway and Ebenezer Winslow, in the century after the Plimouth Pilgrimage. This town was never to be large or prosperous. Hardships in the 1840's made it impossible for the Hathaway household to support all of its members. The two oldest children who had lost their Mother, Claramonde Winslow, were sent away to earn their living. Francis left barefoot and hungry in 1843. He sought and found temporary farm jobs in neighboring Central Massachusetts towns. The next work he secured was in a stextile mill in Lowell. This work was even harder for him than farm work had been, twelve hours of it, always standing. Sister Catherine, also a mill hand, despite the disgrace to her family when no domestic service could be arranged, died of tuberculosis contracted in the factory dampness.

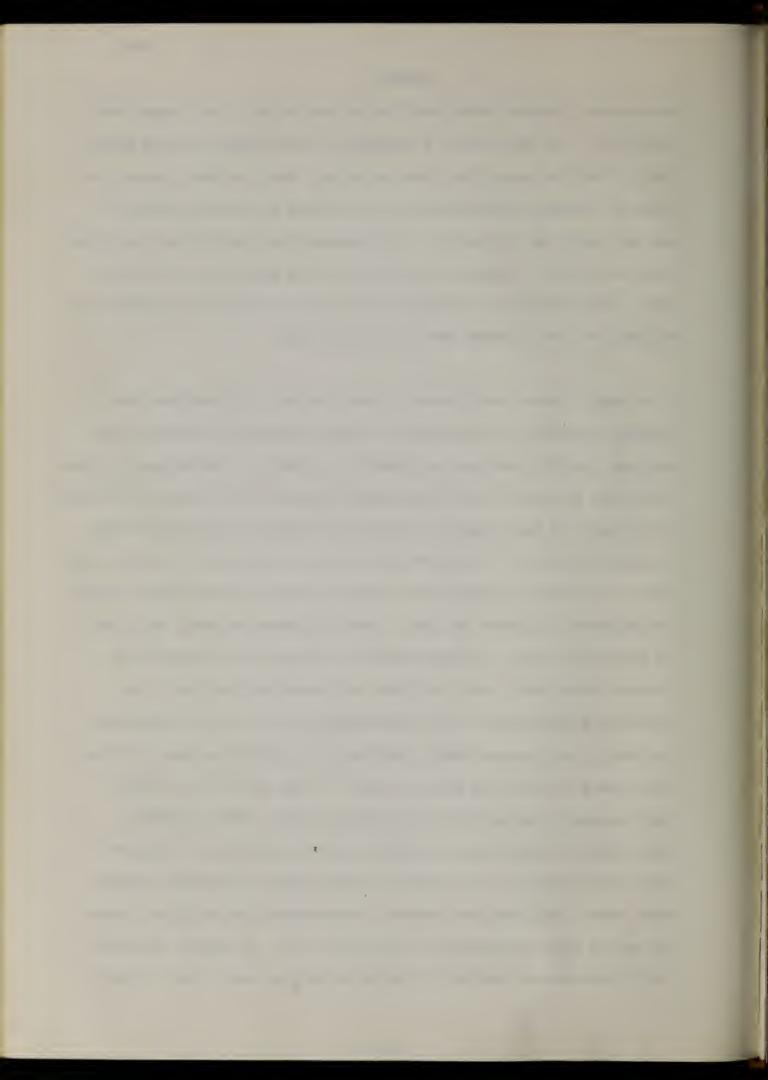
In the early 1850's Francise again made a change. This time it was to Boston with its large variety of opportunities. As luck would have it, he went into the Colburn Shoe Store on a day when the owner needed another clerk. Colburn quickly hired him, and took him to board in his own fine home in South Boston. For the new shoe salesman, this proved an important, point.

Before long he was attending Church on Beacon Hill and meeting many "proper"
Bostonians. Eventually he became a Swedenborgian and a follower of William
Lloyd Garrison. Life was exciting for him and many Americans until the horror
of Civil War was upon them. In the Colburn home he met his first wife,
Lydia Carter, of Wilmington, sister-in-law of Dr. Jonathan Brown. With Colburn's



encouragement Hathaway established his own shoe store in Dock Square near Faneuil Hall. At the time "F, E. Hathaway & Sons" closed its doors in the 1930's it was the oldest shoe store in Boston, When the Great Boston fire broke out, thinking everything was lost, he hired a horse and wagon and sped his family out of the City. For Tewksbury they headed where Mrs. Olive Brown took them in. The home of a Doctor's widow proved to be the right place. She cared for her seriously sick sister until she died, and her two children, until Mr. Hathaway made a second marriage.

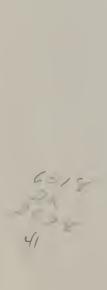
It was Nancy's niece, Maria Brown, a schoolteacher in Philadelphia, who consented to become the step-mother to Francis and Hattie Hathaway. Two more sons from this marriage were added to the family. The Hathaways enjoyed their lives in Boston, but the long summer vacations were tedious for the boys. Uncle Silas' and Aunt Abigail's invitation to spend the summers with them was gladly accepted. The boys worked for their great uncle in the busy summer season. But when the youngest son, George, completed Harvard Medical School, the Hathaways left Boston for good. Francis Thompson Hathaway, the eldest son became his Father's business associate. Together they invented the "Hathaway Drop-Instep" shoe, the first arch preserver shoe ever to be manufactured and marketed. After the Hathaways bought the Old Homestead, they rebuilt the barn and added a carriage house, erected against the ridge that crossed the farm from North to South. It was this hilly formation that suggested a new name for the beloved old place, RIDGE HILL FARM, Maria enjoyed entertaining in her home. For years she kept up with many friends made during her long period of urban living. One special tie was never broken. Met many years before in Philadelphia, Mr. Wright of London, kept up his relationship with her for all his life. At regular intervals his British employer sent him to America on business and a visit to North



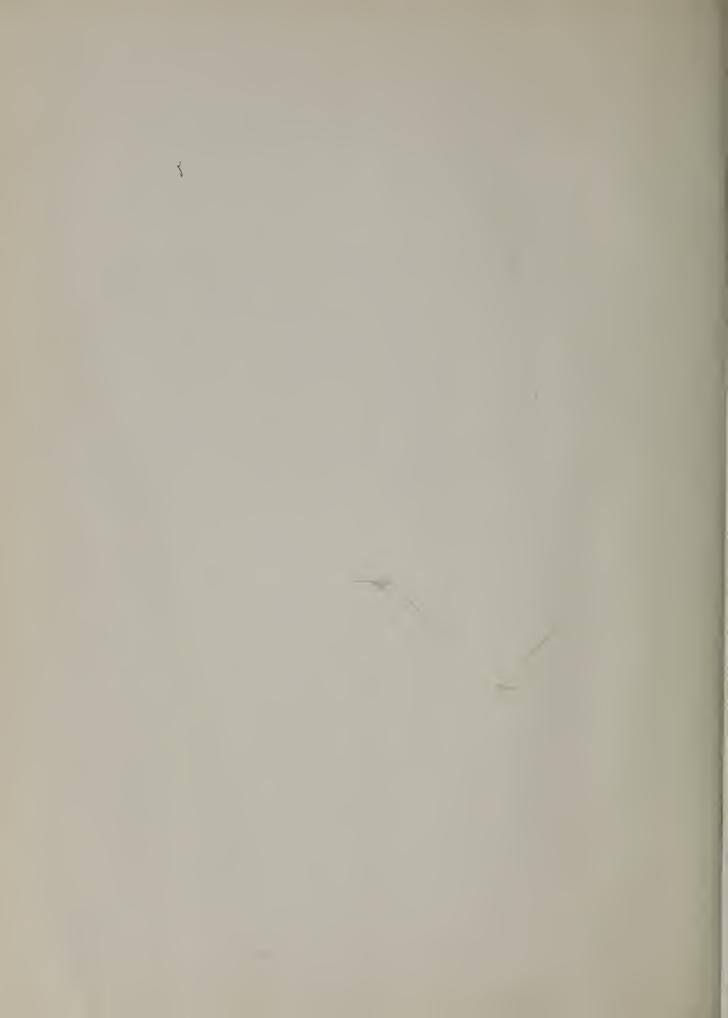
Wilmington was always part of the itinerary. At these times Maria, forbade her local friends and dear grandchildren to visit her. The hired girl prepared an elaborate dinner and the hired man was dispatched to the station at train time. Some time in the 1920's it was learned that Mr. Wright would never come again.

Mr. Hathaway passed away many years before his wife. Brother William Brown, a belated pioneer, suddenly left home. He went to the Far West, Oregon, where he ended his days. And, in September, 1929, for the last time, the inner front window of the green room was removed to permit the casket of Maria Blanchard Brown Hathaway to be passed through.

In 1943 the Homstead was sold out of the family. In June it was certified as a Massachusetts Historical Landmark and became the property of the Town of Wilmington, Massachusetts.











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